

# The Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 46.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1879.

NUMBER 26.

## The Oxford Democrat

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY,

BY  
GEO. H. WATKINS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Terms—\$2.00 per Year.  
If paid strictly in advance, a deduction of fifty cents will be made. If paid within six months, a deduction of twenty-five cents will be made. If not paid till the end of the year two dollars will be charged.

### Rates of Advertising.

For one inch of space one week, 25 cents.  
Each subsequent week, 20 cents.  
Special Notices—20 per cent. additional.

PROBATE NOTICES.  
Orders of Notice on Real Estate, 2.00  
Orders on Wills, 1.50  
Guardians' Notices, 1.50  
Administrators' and Executors' Notices, 1.50  
Commissioners' Notices, 2.00

Special Terms made with Local Advertisers, and for advertisements continued any considerable length of time; also, for those occupying extensive space.

### SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Can tell, by examining the colored slip attached to their papers, the amount due, and those wishing to avail themselves of the advanced payments, can send by mail, or hand to the nearest agent, "Sixp. 1. 77" on the slip, means the paper is paid for to that date. A single 6, 7 or 8 on the slip indicates that the subscription is paid to January, 1880, 1879 or 1878, as the case may be.

When money is sent, care should be taken to examine the slip, and if the money is not credited within four weeks we should be surprised if it.

### Professional Cards, &c.

EMMONS FOSTER, JR.,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Jan 1 77 BETHEL, ME.

CHARLES R. ELDER,

COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
25 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

Special rates to Attorneys having business or claims for collection in Boston and vicinity.  
June 10 79

CHARLES A. BLACK,

Attorney & Counsellor at Law,  
PARIS HILL, ME.

Office over Post Office.

S. K. HUTCHINS,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
Jan 1 77 RUMFORD, ME.

SETH W. FIFE,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
FREETOWN, ME.

Commissioner for New Hampshire, Jan 7 79

D. BISHOP,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
(Notary Public for Oxford County.)

Jan 1 77 BUCKFIELD, (Oxford Co.) ME.

F. W. REDDON,

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
KEAR FALLS, ME.

Will practice in Oxford and York Cos. Jan 77

FRED C. CLARK, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,  
Beal's Hotel, NORWAY.

Dec. 31, 1878.

T. S. TURNER, M. D.,

Homeopathist,  
NORWAY, - - - MAINE.

RESIDENCE: BEAL'S HOTEL.

OFFICE: At Mr. F. REDDON'S, 105 E. FREETOWN ST.

OFFICE HOURS: 8 to 10 a. m. 2 to 9 p. m.

April 15, 79

I. ROUNDS, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Office at residence, first house above Congregational Church. Jan 1 77

DR. C. L. ROBINSON,

DENTIST.

—OFFICE OVER—

South Paris Savings Bank.

OFFICE HOURS: From 8 to 12, a. m. 2 to 5 p. m.

D. G. P. JONES,

DENTIST,  
NORWAY VILLAGE, ME.

Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver or Villadent's Rubber. Jan 1 77

MAINE HYGIENIC INSTITUTE,

Devoted Exclusively to Female Invalids.

WATERFORD, ME.

W. P. SHATTUCK, M. D., Superintendent Phys.

Alcohol and Operating Surgeon. All interested will please send for Circular. Jan 1 77

JAMES W. CHAPMAN,

DEPUTY SHERIFF & CORONER,  
KEAR FALLS, ME.

Business by mail promptly attended to. Jan 77

R. T. ALLEN,

MANUFACTURER OF—

FINE CARRIAGES!

MILTON PLN, ME.

My goods are made from the best material and are completed in a durable and elegant style.

Call and see them before purchasing elsewhere.

Milton, March 18, 1879.

STEPHEN CHARLES,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

MARBLE GRAVES-STONES, TABLETS,

MONUMENTS, STATUES, ORNAMENTS,

MENTAL PIECES, &c. GRANITE MONUMENTS, CURRING, &c.

No. Fryeburg, Me.

March 4, 1879.

W. F. CAMERON & CO.,

27 Preble St., Portland, Me.

MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN

IRON & STEEL

PLOWS.

CULTIVATORS, HORSE-HOES, HARROWS, and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Manufacturers Supplied at Reduced Rates.

Farming Tools repaired at Low Rates.

May 6-19

ISAAC BAGNALL,

Woolen Manufacturer!

Manufactures CASSIMERES, SATINETTS, COTTON and Wool, and all Wool FLEXIBLES, FROCKING and YARNS, CUSTOM CLOTH DRESSING, and COLLAR CARDS.

HANOVER, ME. 19.

LeGROW BROS.,

(Successors to Alexander Edmond.)

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

LUMBER,

GUTTERS, MOULDINGS, LATHS,

DOORS, SASHES, BLINDS AND GLAZED WINDOWS.

24 Preble St., - Portland, Me.

R. LEIGOW - 18-19 - A. S. LEIGOW.

For the OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

AT A GOLDEN WEDDING.

REV. S. S. WYMAN'S OF PERU.

The months circle show, and the years seem so long  
To the thoughtless, the young and the gay,  
And they glide down the stream with light  
laughter and song,  
No care for the morrow they they.

And they pluck the sweet flowers that are  
blooming so fair,  
On the brink of Time's wonderful stream,  
Of the briars, and the thorns that spring secret-  
ly there,  
They think not, they seek not, nor dream.

True worshippers they of life's pleasures and  
gloss,  
But skeptical quite of life's pain;  
What other ones count as unqualified loss,  
They count as unqualified gain.

And thus it has been since Creation begun,  
And thus it will evermore be;  
While bright babbling brooks into broad rivers  
run,  
And rivers run into the sea.

But time hurries on, and the stream groweth  
deep,  
A change all around them appears—  
Their dreams pass away and they waken from  
sleep,  
And find themselves stricken in years.

Like a tale that is told are the years of our  
life,  
When we number them over and o'er,  
Whether maiden or bachelor, husband or wife,  
We shall look on their like nevermore.

Hung aloft in the beautiful dome of the sky,  
Is a magical time piece they say;  
And it ticks out the lives that are hurrying by,  
Never ceasing by night or by day.

And its musical chime reaches down to us now,  
On this semi-centennial year,  
Since that day far away when was spoken the  
vow  
To cherish, protect, and hold dear,

Full fifty bright Junos you together have seen,  
Full fifty returns of the same;  
A long reach of sunshine is lying between,  
Yet brief seems the journey you came;

And you view it with gratitude, wonder, sur-  
prise,  
For blessings distilled as the dew—  
And only one grave yet to darken your eyes.  
The shadows indeed have been few.

There is no backward flow in the tide of years,  
And you're gaining the golden strand,  
With growing desires and vanishing fears,  
While nearing the beautiful land.

Dear Sir and dear Madam: you'll never regret  
This long walk together below,  
For even when dead, 'twill be hard to forget  
The pleasantest things that we know.

East Rumford, June 17, 1879. J. N. IRISH.

THAT UNLUCKY QUOTATION.

A STORY OF "PINAFORE."

They would have made a very pretty  
picture on a painted tile, as they sat on  
the porch in the vivid afternoon light.  
The cottage itself was as trim and com-  
plete as a toy house; its color was a soft  
gray, and the late sunshine was goldenly  
clear, and all the green world was shin-  
ing, fresh from a shower. Auntie Trib  
was sitting in a bright red rocking-chair,  
and her pretty old face was as pink and  
white as a bunch of roses; and as for  
Sallie herself—well, ask any critic in  
Rockdale, from the oldest inhabitant  
down to the tiniest toddler, and you will  
hear a more enthusiastic comment than  
any which I can supply. Rockdale is a  
neat little New England village, far away  
out of the world, in a rocky, hilly-and-  
dally district, where the direct descendants  
of the Puritans still hold their sway.

Auntie Trib's son, Free Grace Hill—  
called "Free" for short—made his name  
good at an early age by snatching his lib-  
erty and marching away "to town"—never  
mind what town; we can call it L—  
He verified his mother's title at the same  
time, for he became indeed an embodi-  
ment of tribulation; but Free disappointed  
her agreeably, for he found a good situ-  
ation, and worked in it faithfully and  
steadily. He was now a never-failing  
source of pride and delight when on his  
brief visits he dazzled Rockdale with his  
"town-made" garments, his dainty mus-  
tache and general air of "style."

His last visit, however, proved an epoch  
in the history of Rockdale, and also in  
the history of his fair little orphan cousin  
Sallie. He brought with him an older  
friend, employed in the same house with  
himself, but in a more advanced position.  
This personage, whom he designated as  
Jack Arnold, immediately sent poor Free  
into the shade, and cast him down from  
that pinnacle of fame which he had  
mounted at the cost of many a pair of  
highly-polished boots and much studied  
elegance.

I will not attempt to describe the effect  
which young Arnold produced upon the  
"simple village maidens." Every pretty  
wife which had formerly been directed  
toward the fortunate son of Auntie Trib  
was now leveled at his friend, with a  
force and energy that produced the effect  
of a bombardment. Ere long, however,  
it was discovered that the new-comer was  
proof against every species of attack. Not  
that he was invulnerable—far from it.  
The truth was that he had fallen under  
the very first shot. He had not been be-  
neath Auntie Trib's roof twenty-four  
hours before he had succumbed uncondi-  
tionally to Sallie's charms. The little  
Puritan maiden, with her cameo face and  
her steadfast gray eyes, stole at once into  
his heart—an honest heart, for there is  
no villain in this unpretending tale—and  
from henceforth he was her liege knight  
for life. It was not by passionate plead-  
ing and great deeds that he undertook to  
win her for his own; no, the task was but  
easy, after all. He was fair, good-hu-  
mored, tall and handsome; Free said he  
was a capital fellow, and Sallie had great  
faith in Free; he was devoted and unre-  
served in expressing his affection: what  
more could maiden ask? Before his vaca-  
tion was over he had bravely made  
known his love, and was shyly but read-  
ily accepted; and when he and Free left  
Rockdale they bade a tender farewell to  
a happy little damsel with a ring upon  
her finger.

All this did not happen long ago, but  
in this very year 1879. Rockdale was

nestled away far and deep among the  
hills; it was not very near the town of  
D—, and L— itself was not a great  
city. How should Rockdale know what  
was agitating the world beyond? By  
newspapers, of course; but women do  
not often read the newspapers carefully,  
and the two women of this narrative sel-  
dom looked into them. Especially did  
they, in their Puritanic rigor, neglect the  
amusement columns. After all, why read  
of operas, plays and concerts that one  
cannot see or hear? When anything was  
"going on" in Rockdale itself, all the vil-  
lage was on the alert; but no one cared  
fashionable folk stared at through their  
opera-glasses in the great cities. So  
last year, when "H. M. S. Pinafore" sailed  
jauntily, with colors flying, into American  
waters, many of the inhabitants of Rock-  
dale recked not of it, and this simple fact  
brought consternation to the house of  
Hill. The "saucy ship" found its way to  
L—, anchored there long enough to set  
a few enthusiasts to singing "Little  
Buttercup" and "The Merry Maiden and  
the Tar" (incorrectly, of course), and not  
finding quite so warm a welcome as  
in some of the larger cities, soon set  
sail again for a more congenial haven.

But the mania for quoting the libretto—  
especially the "hardly ever" epidemic—  
spread in that region, as it did every-  
where.

Our friend Jack Arnold went to see the  
performance, and of course he thought of  
Sallie all the evening, and envied young  
Hill, whose lady-love was in the party.  
The two young men were meditating a  
brief visit to Rockdale, and hence it was,  
perhaps, that Jack's thoughts were too  
far away to allow of his giving full ap-  
preciation to the incomparable little op-  
era. All the tender music filled him with  
thoughts of love, from the irresist-  
ible jingle of the merry choruses be-  
guiled him only for the moment. There-  
fore, when the day came for the journey  
to Rockdale, and he found himself at last  
in the presence of his beloved, his mind  
was quite absorbed by the joy of it, and  
he had no leisure for such trifling mat-  
ters as the discussion of a pretty new op-  
era. So Sallie was left still in her benighted  
ignorance; she knew nothing of "Pina-  
fore."

They began to talk of mundane mat-  
ters, however, on the second evening,  
when they were all seated together.

"That poor Laura Beams!" said  
Auntie Trib, compassionately. "Did you  
know she'd got back, Free?"

"Laura Beams!" uttered Free, with a  
laugh, and glancing at Jack, who looked  
a trifle conscious. "You had a flirt—"

"Yes," interrupted his mother; "and  
they do say she's been jilted by some  
town young man to a degree that's made  
her a poor, broken-hearted consumptive."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Free. "Heart  
and lungs gone at one fell swoop! That  
is going into the dying business whole-  
sale."

This irreverent comment was received  
by Auntie Trib with much reproachful  
indignation; but Sallie sat mute, with a  
wildly-beating heart. Gossip had carried  
to her ears the tale that Laura Beams  
had claimed a former acquaintanceship  
with Jack Arnold. The unfortunate girl  
had gone to live with her aunt in L—,  
and had returned in serious ill-health,  
the result, it was said, of a disappointment  
in love. Free's look was peculiar. Could  
it be—

"My grief! it's an awful thing," con-  
tinued Auntie Trib. "She was engaged to  
him, I think, and he went off some-  
where and came back engaged to some  
other girl. My! the poor thing looks as  
if she had one foot in the grave already.  
It's really dreadful, ain't it, John?"—with  
a sudden appeal to the silent listener.

"Very—very, indeed," said Arnold.  
"—I knew her."

"You did? Well, I want to know!"  
said Auntie Trib. "Why didn't you say  
so before? Wasn't she pretty, poor  
thing, before she got so low-spirited?"

"Who was the man?" asked Sallie,  
suddenly.

"Very pretty, I think," said Jack, an-  
swering Mrs. Hill's question. He did not  
mean to ignore Sallie's, but Free broke in  
with a torrent of lively nonsense, and the  
conversation drifted away from Laura  
Beams and her troubles. Sallie was slight-  
ly uncomfortable, but she had confidence  
in her lover, and did not allow herself to  
indulge, as yet, in causeless suspicion.

Auntie Trib, however, recurred to the  
former subject, which had distressed her  
simple, sentimental old heart. She ex-  
claimed, meditatively:

"My! ain't it dishonorable for a man  
to behave so!"

"If I knew him," said Sallie, looking  
like a youthful prophetess, in her sweet  
austerity, "I would never touch his hand  
again—no, not if he had been my best  
friend."

"What! so severe?" asked Jack, with  
half-amused remonstrance.

"Where! Look out, Jack," cried  
Free. "You never did anything dishon-  
orable, did you?"

"Never," answered Jack, readily and  
quietly enough.

"What! never?" asked Free, with in-  
tense significance.

"Well, hardly ever," returned Jack,  
nervously rubbing his chin, apparently  
the very embodiment of guilty confusion.  
Then they both uttered cold little evasive  
laughs, and Free changed the subject.

The truth was, they had both heard  
the joke so often that it could no longer  
raise a hearty laugh, and they did not re-  
fect that the quotation was entirely new  
to their hearers. They talked on, ignor-  
ant of the overwhelming effect which their  
words had produced. For Auntie  
Trib was seriously alarmed, and began to  
think that she ought to have inquired  
more closely into the young man's ante-  
cedents. She resolved to question Free  
at the earliest opportunity; but how could  
this be accomplished, since the two friends  
intended leaving Rockdale at an early

hour on the following morning? She de-  
cided to write a most urgent letter, and  
sift the matter to the bottom. But how  
was it with Sallie? The little incident  
was, to her narrow and innocent mind, a  
"confirmation strong as proofs of holy  
writ." Jack was evidently ashamed of  
something in the past; he had been con-  
fused and silent when Laura Beams was  
discussed; the events tallied; yes, the  
circumstantial evidence was strong. Free  
had said, "You had a flirt—"—a flirta-  
tion with her, he had intended to con-  
tinue, when his mother interrupted him.  
But what if Jack were innocent in the  
case of Laura and her broken heart? At  
least he had openly contradicted his first  
denial of having committed a dishonora-  
ble action. "Hardly ever," indeed! Did  
he think she—she—would marry a man  
who had ever committed the faintest  
shadow of a dishonorable action? Never!  
not though her own heart broke, like  
Laura's.

All night long poor Sallie lay tossing  
on her bed, working her foolish little  
brain into a state bordering upon frenzy.  
She revolved the matter in her mind until  
she lost all power of correct and tranquil  
judgment. The more violently she ex-  
cited herself, the more conclusively, to her  
thinking, became the proofs of poor Jack's  
baseness. At length she could lie there  
no longer; she rose, and by the faint  
light of the winter dawn she wrote a brief  
but decisive letter to Jack, slipped her en-  
gagement ring into the same enclosure,  
sealed the envelope, and wrote his name  
upon it. Faint and weary with her long  
conflict, she was about to lie down again,  
when she remembered that it was near  
the early breakfast hour appointed for the  
two young men, and that she had prom-  
ised to assist Jerusha in her preparations;  
so she dressed hastily, with trembling  
fingers, and crept down to the kitchen.

Had she obtained an hour's sleep she  
would have awakened with a clearer  
sense of things, and the unfortunate note  
would probably have been destroyed. But  
now her wearied and overstimulated  
brain continued to ponder upon the cause  
of her distress, and magnify it to gigantic  
proportions.

"For the land's sake, child," ex-  
claimed Jerusha, "you do look powerful  
bad!"

"I couldn't sleep," said Sallie, shortly.  
"There, Jerusha, the table's set, and  
there's plenty of time for me to go and  
rest a while now." And quietly laying  
the note beside Jack's plate, she hurried  
back to her room.

Her lover glanced around with rest-  
less eyes when he met Free and Auntie  
Trib at the breakfast table. He had not  
believed that Sallie would elude him this  
morning. He seated himself with anx-  
iously drawn brows.

"What's your here, a letter!" he ex-  
claimed. Then, examining it, he read  
the word "Private" beneath his own  
name, and flushing hotly, he slipped it  
into his breast pocket. "From Sallie,"  
he said, quietly.

"What ever does the child mean?"  
cried Auntie Trib. "Ain't she up? Je-  
rusha, go right up and get her."

"She said as how she'd been layin'  
awake," said Jerusha, "and she went to  
rest a spell."

"Well, you go along and tell her to  
come," said Mrs. Hill.

But Jack called out: "Don't disturb  
her if she's asleep."

Jerusha went up, and presently came  
clattering down again. "She's asleep,"  
she said as she entered.

Poor Sallie had indeed dropped into a  
troubled slumber, and Jack would not  
admit for an instant the idea of rousing  
her.

"It would be cruel," said the soft-  
hearted fellow. "Free and I will run  
down here very soon again."

He was disappointed and doleful, but  
he hoped the letter would explain mat-  
ters. The ring had been dropped into  
the folds of the paper, and its shape  
could not be distinguished through the  
thick envelope. Poor Jack wondered  
vaguely what the hard substance within  
could be, but the real state of the case  
never dawned upon him.

As he and young Hill were walking  
together to the railway station he took  
the note from his pocket and tore it open.  
It was brief, mysterious, decisive.

"Queer enough," said Free, "for Sallie  
to give us the slip in this way. Just like  
you not to wake her. She'll be mad  
enough to— Bless me, Jack, what's the  
matter?"

For Jack had stopped short, with a  
violent exclamation. His face was  
purple, his eyes blazing with wrath and  
pain. He held up the ring before Free's asto-  
nished gaze.

"What in the name of—" began Free.  
But he was unheard; Jack turned swiftly,  
and ran like a madman back to the Hill  
cottage.

Sallie was walking the porch in an  
agony of doubt and trouble. Her brief  
rest had cleared her perceptions, but it  
had not yet freed her from the state of  
mingled perplexity and stubborn decision  
into which she had worked herself. She  
was not yielding, but she was wretched  
and regretful.

Suddenly Jack appeared before her,  
flushed and glaring, his excitable tem-  
perament roused to its highest pitch.

"Are you insane?" he cried, seizing  
her roughly by the arm. "Do you want  
me to drive me to perdition with your  
wicked cruelty? In Heaven's name, explain  
yourself!" And he fairly panted for  
breath.

"Let me go!" she uttered sternly. "I  
will not have you to touch me. Address  
me as if you were at least a gentleman."

Jack was goaded to frenzy, and an-  
swered intemperately; so the miserable  
quarrel raged high. No explanation was  
given; mutual recriminations passed back  
and forth. At last Sallie taunted him  
with an allusion to his flirtation with  
Laura Beams.

"So it is for petty jealousy that you  
treat me so?" he cried.

"No," she answered. "It is because I  
know you to be dishonorable."

At the word Jack's heated face turned  
pale as death. The two foolish people  
were now at white heat.

"It is a lie," said he, in a voice of  
ominous calm. And she, as sternly and  
quietly, sent him from her, with orders  
never to return. So he turned upon his  
heel and left her there, and their bond  
was broken.

After this the days went on quietly  
enough. Night succeeded day with re-  
markable regularity. No one knew what  
Sallie Hill suffered; no one knew what  
she would have given to recall her bitter  
first denial of having committed a dishonora-  
ble action. "Hardly ever," indeed! Did  
he think she—she—would marry a man  
who had ever committed the faintest  
shadow of a dishonorable action? Never!  
not though her own heart broke, like  
Laura's.

All night long poor Sallie lay tossing  
on her bed, working her foolish little  
brain into a state bordering upon frenzy.  
She revolved the matter in her mind until  
she lost all power of correct and tranquil  
judgment. The more violently she ex-  
cited herself, the more conclusively, to her  
thinking, became the proofs of poor Jack's  
baseness. At length she could lie there  
no longer; she rose, and by the faint  
light of the winter dawn she wrote a brief  
but decisive letter to Jack, slipped her en-  
gagement ring into the same enclosure,  
sealed the envelope, and wrote his name  
upon it. Faint and weary with her long  
conflict, she was about to lie down again,  
when she remembered that it was near  
the early breakfast hour appointed for the  
two young men, and that she had prom-  
ised to assist Jerusha in her preparations;  
so she dressed hastily, with trembling  
fingers, and crept down to the kitchen.

Had she obtained an hour's sleep she  
would have awakened with a clearer  
sense of things, and the unfortunate note  
would probably have been destroyed. But  
now her wearied and overstimulated  
brain continued to ponder upon the cause  
of her distress, and magnify it to gigantic  
proportions.

"For the land's sake, child," ex-  
claimed Jerusha, "you do look powerful  
bad!"

"I couldn't sleep," said Sall











